

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Fame"

(feat. Bad Azz, Outlawz)

[2Pac:]

And my niggas say  
We want the fame!  
Come on! Come on!

[2Pac:]

One thing we all adore  
Something worth dyin' for  
Nothin' but pain  
Stuck in this game  
Searchin' for fortune and fame

[2Pac:]

Though we exist to breed, some believe currency comes to G's  
Stress is half the battle, with success comes greed  
They got me hot when they shot me, plotted  
My revenge to increase my ends; enemies gettin' dropped  
Win or lose, red or blue, we must all stay true  
Play the game, nigga, never let the game play you  
And for the fame, niggas change fast, that's a shame  
What's to gain, lost souls? Who controls our brain?  
Who can I blame? The world seems strange at times  
Somewhat insane, I'm hopin' we can change with time  
I'm livin' blinded, searchin' for refinement curse  
I know, Death follows me, but I'll murder him first  
And worse yet, with each breathe, steps I take, breathless  
Is there a cure for a hustler with a death wish?  
Cigar ashes, toast with crystal, glasses  
We mash on them jealous bastards, with my ski mask  
I'm the first one to want him blasted  
Wrapped in plastic, bullshittin' got his ass hit  
Ain't nothing left now, treated like a stepchild was not for me  
Nothing but busters and bitches be rockin' beats, fakin' fame

[Yaki Kadafi:]

Block run and shoot slugs  
We throw them back like hardballs  
Without the gloves, no love for these fake desperadoes  
And thugs I bleed to envy  
Smoke and blow out they blunts, sippin' Henny  
Drunk nights, and hot days  
Cockin' my heat, shootin' it sideways  
A wife on the run, full of common blunts  
Unconditionally married to my gun  
Fulfillin' my destiny on knees and one's desires  
Be pullin' all my cabbage like priors, stuck in the trance  
Searchin' for something higher, the fortune and fame

[2Pac:]

One thing we all adore  
Something worth dyin' for  
    Nothin' but pain  
    Stuck in this game  
Searchin' for fortune and fame  
    One thing we all adore  
    Something worth dyin' for  
    Nothin' but pain  
    Stuck in this game  
Searchin' for fortune and fame

*[Young Noble:]*

Searchin' for fortune and fame, lost in the rain  
A lost of the game, with life the cost of the game  
We forcin' the change, motherfuck flossin' a chain  
    All the blame belongs to the part of the brain  
That we never use, nigga, plus my heart is in pain  
    And if I ever lose, homie, bet I'm at it again  
    Outlaws don't die, so united we stand  
And if family come before, all the fortune and fame

*[Napoleon:]*

As I walk up in the crib, laid to rest my head  
Say salaam to the angels, hope they bless my bed  
    Hope they bless me the righteous way  
Got a homie locked down outta town, I sent him a kite today  
Man, that hate in your heart you gotta cleanse it, dawg  
    Prayin' for my downfall, and I can sense it, dawg  
    I was passed down the street fame  
    Like Glocks clocked and keep aim  
    Was raised up with a clock box  
    And I ran with the local street gang  
They say the light is faded but still shine in the dark  
You can easy been a man, but you's a boy in your heart  
And that's some game that I got from generation of game  
    In the road of life, dog  
We need to switch up lanes – think about it!

*[2Pac:]*

One thing we all adore  
Something worth dyin' for  
    Nothin' but pain  
    Stuck in this game  
Searchin' for fortune and fame  
    One thing we all adore  
    Something worth dyin' for  
    Been nothin' but pain  
    Stuck in this game  
Searchin' for fortune and fame

*[Bad Azz:]*

I can't complain, I've seen my fair share of the fame  
It won't change me, now I've got this piece of change  
    I feel strange, I got so used to the hood  
    That when I finally got out at first it ain't feel good  
    I was just a baby, still retarded from slavery

When we struggle to shovel shit ain't nobody saved me  
Ghetto ain't made me, I made myself  
Poverty raised me, thinking ain't no help  
I pray for my health, my mind, and my family too  
State of myself, my grind, and my family crew  
Where one hand washes the other  
No, we ain't blood, but we still real brothers  
The struggle is real, nothin' can steal what we build  
And that remains the same 'til the day that we killed  
And that's real, life that I was aimed to be  
Love by my family tree, that's fame to me – how about it?

*[2Pac:]*

One thing we all adore  
Something worth dyin' for  
Nothin' but pain  
Stuck in this game  
Searchin' for fortune and fame  
One thing we all adore  
Something worth dyin' for  
Nothin' but pain  
Stuck in this game  
Searchin' for fortune and fame

Thanks to dziga for adding these lyrics.

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Tyrone Wrice, Yafeu A. Fula, Katari T Cox, Rufus Lee Cooper, Mutah W Beale